

BY C. A. LOUNSBERRY.

TRIBUNE SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Weekly, One Year.....\$2.50
Six Months.....1.50
Three Months.....75ADVERTISING RATES.
Local and foreign business notices, 10 cents per line, of Nonpareil type, each insertion. Ten lines to the inch. Professional cards, four lines or less, \$10 per annum. Advertisements in columns of "Wants," "For Sale," "For Rent," etc., 10 cents per line each insertion. Legal notices at regular state rates. Office hours, 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. For contract rates of display advertising apply at this office or send for advertising rate card.

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METHODIST CHURCH—J. M. Bell, Pastor.
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CATHOLIC CHURCH—P. John Chrysostom Foffa, O. S. B., Rector.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAIL.

NORTHERN PACIFIC—Arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 10 a.m. Leaves for St. Paul at 7:35 a.m. in

FORTS. Leaves for Fort Stevens, Bismarck, at 8 a.m.每 day; for Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 3:30 p.m. Leaves for Fort Keogh and Miles City, and all points daily, except Sunday, at 8:30 a.m.; arriving at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 9 p.m.; arriving at

Leaves for Fort Keogh and Miles City, and all points

in Northern Montana daily, except Sunday, at 8 a.m. Arrives at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 8 a.m. Every day, at 4 p.m.

TODAY'S MAIL—Leave daily, by steamboat, Benton line, every Wednesday.

Registered mails for all points close at 5 p.m.

Office open from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sundays from 7 to 12 a.m., and 4 to 6 p.m.

Carson's Picturesque Northwest Black Hills Number.

Charles A. Carson, editor and publisher of this handsome monthly, the design of which is

to illustrate the most attractive parts of Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, and other parts of the northwest, and contain live, concise, original and selected descriptions of the material possibilities and present development of the sections illustrated, will, during the month of

May visit the Black Hills for the purpose of

producing a number which will be profusely

illustrated from sketches and designs by W. P. Hooper, graduate of the Boston school of art,

and now an artist, in the employ of the Illustrated London (England) News, London (England) Graphic, Harper Bros.,

Carson's Northwest and other picturesque periodicals of more or less note. It is the design of the publisher to make the Black Hills

number in illustration and typographical art the superior in every respect of the celebrated

tourists on Colorado and other scenic sections of the Rocky Mountain range. An immense

number will be issued and offered for sale

throughout all the news-agencies of the United

States and Canadas. This number suggests

brilliant possibilities of the work of Carson

and Hooper's eyes and pen in a most promising

field. The publication and its proprietor come

well recommended from all parts of the northwest.

Published formerly at Fargo, D. T.

now at St. Paul, Minn., at \$2 per annum,

its typographical design, its well-cut engravings on wood, its topics and its editorial man-

agement bespeak for it what it well deserves,

viz.: a cordial support and a glorious future.

Brule City.

Who is it that hasn't heard of Brule City and its owner, Charley Collins? Brule City is just now coming into prominence occasioned by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway company, making it the Missouri River terminal point on main trunk line to Black Hills.

There is a vast empire of government land all-around Brule—which is the county seat of Brule County, and located on the Missouri river opposite the mouth of White river.

Charley Collins laid out the "Coming Capital,"

ten years ago, and it now bids fair to realize

all that his patient perseverance deserves. He

offers great inducements in the way of city lots and land to people in any line of business to locate there. He has just issued a mammoth edition of his latest newspaper prodigy.

The Brule City Times, which is filled with information of interest to every one seeking a new home or desirous of learning of the resources, advantages and opportunities afforded those coming to reside in this territory. He is

now issuing a mammoth edition of another paper, The Dakota Homeseeker, which will

be mailed to any address on receipt of a three cent postage stamp.

The well developed mines on the extension of the

Cora vein are the Geo. E. McLean, Sitting Bull, Washington, Mt. Pleasant, Silver Queen,

Comet, Lucky Key, Proprietary, R. B. Hayes, Grosvenor and Silver Queen.

Wilson Morris is opening a very fine vein of coal near Fort Meade.

Big Bargains in Traill Co., Dakota, wheat lands by E. H. Steele, Minneapolis.

The Dakota market for north Dakota products is superior to the markets in Iowa or southern Minnesota, because the Duluth market is equal to the Milwaukee, and north Dakota has the same freight rate to the lake that is conceded to Mississippi river towns, and much better rates than Iowa and Nebraska. The grade of Northern Dakota wheat being superior to that produced further south, it commands from five to ten cents per bushel better price for that reason.

The coal bed in the vicinity of Bismarck is from four to twenty feet in depth. An assay of the coal from Mr. E. H. Bly's "Baby Mine" made by the agricultural department gives the following result:

Moisture.....17.18%

Ash (Light Gray).....4.0%

Bituminous Matter.....55.50

Coke.....21.02

Total sulphur in coal.....1.17 per cent.

in ash.....24 "

Assays of the Portland Rock, Bear Mountain, made by S. F. Miller, showed a yield of \$160 per ton. The company owning this mine is incorporated under the laws of Iowa with a capital of \$8,000,000. O. P. Ankeny and E. W. French have a stamp mill for use on this mine. The mill will be built under his super vision.

Professor Vose, though estimates the Bear Mountain mine embankment in the Raines Incline, and mine \$162,000,000,000, assuming the depth of ore to be over twenty feet. It is probably several times twenty feet in depth.

The light wood shades used this spring are very effective for throwing up the colors of embroidery, and many clever needle women among those not obliged to work for daily bread are engaged in transferring the sweetness of meadow and forest to the fine, soft materials which will constitute the groundwork of charming costumes for the pleasant season upon which we are entering.

A Preacher Sues for His Fee.

Rev. S. T. Aldrich, of Hornellsville, N. Y., sued the Sheriff of Steuben county for the fees due him for preaching the funeral sermon of the Sheriff's father. Aldrich charges \$12 for such services, and he says, in a business-like way, "I have freely served without compensation, both in Hornellsville and elsewhere; but, for those who are able to pay, I see no reason, either on the ground of good taste or common honesty, why they should meanly refuse to render an honest equivalent for what they have gladly enjoyed." "Gladly enjoyed" a funeral sermon is good.

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Enough to Supply the whole Region Bought and Shipped at Low Rates.

Tinware, Steamboat Supplies, Kitchen Ware, &c.

Large Stock of Pocket Knives, Shears and scissors.

Corner main and Third St., Bismarck, D. T.

McLean and Macnider

Wholesale Grocers,

No. 54 Main Street,

Steamboat and Freighters' Supplies.

Agents for All Kinds of Improved Farm Machinery. Sole Agents for the SCHLITZ.

Milwaukee Export Beer.

REAPERS

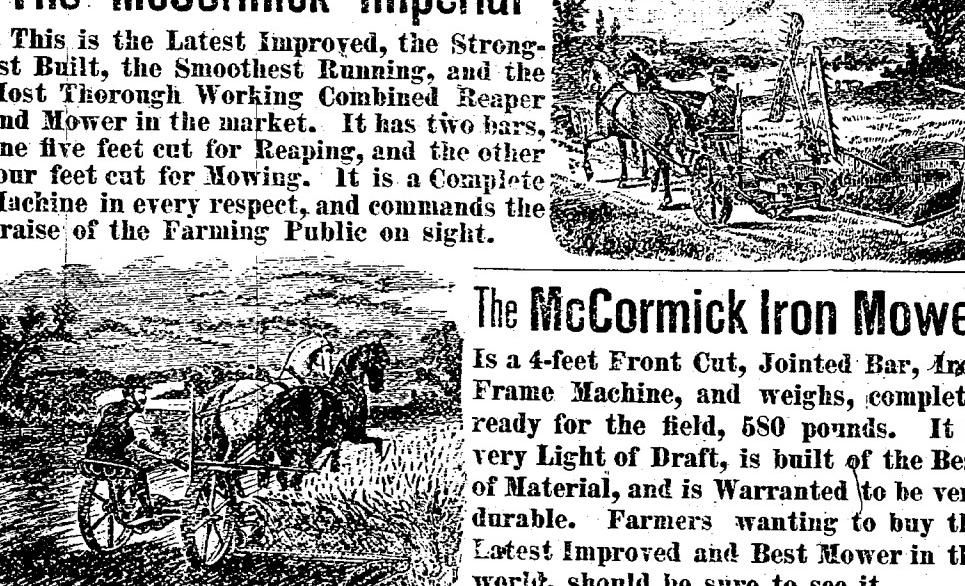
THE McCormick Harvesting Machine Co.



Manufacturers of

Harvesters,
Binders,
Reapers,
Mowers,
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Droppers.

OFFICE AND WORKS: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.



The McCormick Iron Mower

Is a 4-foot Front Cut, Jointed Bar, Iron Frame Machine, and weighs complete, ready for the field, 580 pounds. It is very Light of Draft, is built of the Best of Material, and is Warranted to be very durable. Farmers wanting to buy the Latest Improved and Best Mower in the world, should be sure to see it.



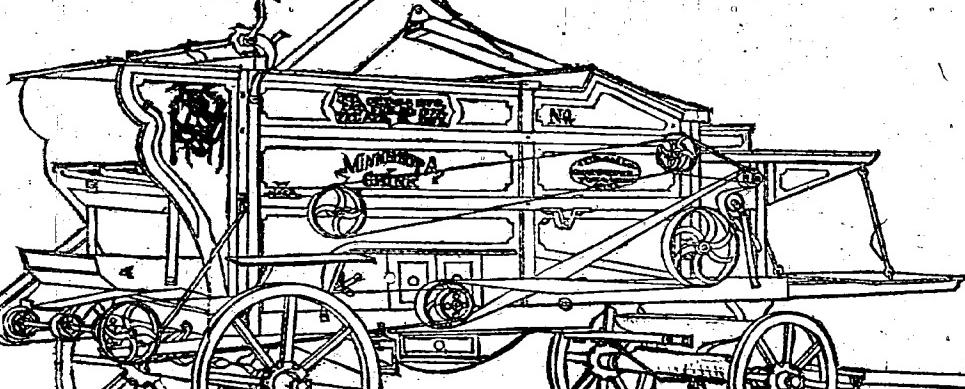
Self Binding Harvester

Is the only Reliable and Perfect-working Harvester and Self-Binder in the market. With it one man and a good team of Horses, can cut and bind an Acre of Grain per hour. It is the greatest Grain and Labor-Saving Machine of the age. Farmers with large Grain crops should be sure to examine into its merits.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST.
McLean & Macnider, Agents, Bismarck, Dakota.
M. SHEEHAN, Gen. Agt., Fargo, Dakota.

HARVESTING MACHINERY

The Chief of Threshers!



THE MINNESOTA CHIEF,
MANUFACTURED BY
SEYMOUR, SABIN & CO.,
STILLWATER, MINN.

It is neither a Vibrator nor an Apron Machine,

but far surpasses either in all the essential requisites of a perfect thresher.

IT IS WONDERFUL IN ITS SIMPLICITY. It is easy of management, light running, capable of very rapid threshing, as the Separating Table and Sieves will take care of all that can be passed by the Cylinder. In separating and cleaning it excels all others.

It threshes everything a farmer has to thresh—Wheat, Rye, Oats, Barley, Flax, Timothy, Millet, Clover and Peas. It handles Flax and Timothy nearly as rapidly as grain, requiring no change of parts, except Sieves, and cleans them fit for market. With its Clover Attachment it threshes Clover fully equal to any Huller.

If you want the LIGHTEST RUNNING, the BEST GRAIN CLEANING, the GREATEST GRAIN SAVING, the FASTEST SEED THRESHING, and LEAST EXPENSIVE Machine in the Market, buy "The Minnesota Chief." We also manufacture the Improved Pitts Power, the Improved Woodbury & Edwards Equalizing Horse Power, and a Superior Chain Equalizer for all Powers.

Send for Pamphlets, Engine Circulars and Price List.

STANDARD QUALITY.

M. P. SLATTERY,
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

Groceries, Crockery, Flour,
AND FEED,

Corner 3d and Meigs Sts., BISMARCK, D.T.

S. F. LAMBERT,

Dealer in GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Jamestown, D. T.

A very full line of Groceries and Dry Goods and satisfaction as to prices and goods guaranteed.

Office one door below Tribune Block.

EMER N. COREY,

U. S. COMMISSIONER, Judge of Probate, and Clerk of District Court.

Office one door below Tribune Block.

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N. DUNKLEBERG,

General Dealer in

Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Doors,

Mouldings, Window Glass.

BUILDING MATERIAL

of all kinds.

BISMARCK, D.T.

ERIE & MILWAUKEE LINE,

Via New York, Lake Erie and Western, Great Western, Detroit and Milwaukee, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroads.

Shortest and Most Direct Route

to all points in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Iowa, Montana and South Dakota, Manitoba and British Possessions.

Mark property "E. & M. Line," and deliver to New York, Lake Erie & Western Railway foot of Duane St. or 23rd St., North River, or Pier 8, East River.

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G. T. NUTTER, Agent, 40 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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MINNEAPOLIS ADVERTISEMENT,

SEEDS, TREES, PLANTS.

FOR FARM, VEGETABLE, AND FLOWER GARDENS.

CORN—Dent and Flint, several varieties. Grass Seed—Kind, Potatoes—50 varieties. Early and Late. Ga—New White Probiest, 72 bush. to acre. Artichoke—Red Brazil Lettuce, perfectly hardy. Amber Sugar Cane, southern seed. Trees—Fruit, Shade, Ornamental. Evergreens and small fruits, a fine collection; all Northern grown. White Willow and Lombardy Poplar—V. A. very fine collection of Green House and Early Vegetable Plants, including 500 species and 100 annuals.

BEAUTY OF HEBRON.

Catalogues with Prices and Particulars free. Address WYMAN ELLIOT, City Market, Minneapolis, Minn.

J. H. MARSHALL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

AUNT PHILLIS' GUEST.

I was young and "Harry" was strong.
The summer was bursting from sky and
plain,
Till our blood as we bounded along,
Till a picture flashed—and I dropped the
rein.

Black sea creek, that like a snake
Slipped through a low green league of sedge,
An ebbing tide and setting sun,
And a hut and woman by the edge.

Her pack was bent and her wool was gray,
The wrinkles lay close on the withered face;
Children were buried and sold away,
The freedom had come to the last of the
race.

She lived from a neighbor's hominy-pot;
There was praise in the hut "the pain"
passed by.
From its floor of dirt the smoke curled out
Where the shingles were patched with bright
blue sky.

"Aunt Phyllis you live here all alone?"
I asked, and paled the gray old head;
"She a child, in quiet tone,
"Me and Jesus, Massa," she said.

I started, for all the place was aglow
With a presence I had not seen before;
The air was full of music low.
And the Guest Divine stood at the door!

Aye, it was true that the Lord of Life,
Who with the golden light gave her life,
Had watched the slave in her weary strife,
And showed Him-self to her longing sight

The hut and the dirt the rag and the skin,
The groaning wail and the darkened mind
Looked on this, but the Lord, within,
(I would what He saw was in me to find!)

A child-like soul He found, with force
To see what the aig. is see in bliss,
She lived and the Lord lived—so of course
They lived together. She knew but this.

And the life that I had almost despised
As someth'g to pity, so poor and low,
Had already borne fruit that the Lord so
priv'd.

He loved to come near and see it grow.

No sorrow for her that the life was done,
A few days more or the hut's unrest,
A little longer to sit in the sun—
Then He would be host, and I would be
guest.

And up above, if an angel of light
Should stop on his errand of love some day,
And as "Who lives in the mansion bright?"
"Me and Jesus," Aunt Phyllis will say.

A fancy, foolish and fond, it seems'

And tugs are not as Aunt Phyllis dreams,

Friend it is so;

But this I know—
That our faiths are foolish by falling b-d-w,
Not coming above, what God will show;

That his commonest thing hides a wonder
ast.

To whose beauty your eyes have never passed;

That His fact in the present or to the be-

Outsiders the best that we think to see.

Wm. C. Gannett.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Satin like satin, with a delicate blush
in cheek and lip; dark blue eyes, liquid
as violets after a shower; a sweet, mobile
mouth; masses of sunny hair looped away
with orange-blossoms, and shining where
the light touched it, like burnished gold—
there was not in the whole Academy, al-

beit an opera night, another face as
bewilderingly lovely as that. Nor as
recherche à toilet. Sat nearly oppo-

site to us; a creamy opera-cloak about

her shoulders, a robe of royal purple,

heavily embroidered, flowing over the

velvet seat. One small hand in its deli-

cate glove rested upon the cushion, the
diamonds on its wrist flashing and trem-
bling in the light, like dew upon a lily:

the other swayed a curious fan slowly to
and fro, every fluctuation stirring the
soft hair upon her temples and the lace

about her white throat.

"Who is she? Do you know her?" I
asked Melodius Silverstring, who sat be-
side me busy with his opera-glasses.

He nodded and laughed.

"You have heard me speak of the beau-

ty of Constance Willing—have I exag-
gerated, do you think?"

I was silent. The admiration I felt
could not be put into words, least of all
to my companion.

"Who are those people with her?"

"The dowager on her left, in black sat-
in and guipure, is her mother; the stout
gentleman to the right, with the bald
head and dogberry nose, her—By Jove!
what a pretty face!" cried the volatile

Melodius, distracted by a fresh shoal of
opera cloaks.

"Her father, I suppose?" suggested I,

as a gentle reminder.

"Ah! beg pardon, the stout gentleman

—that's her husband (don't gape it isn't
becoming), her husband, Ingersoll Gol-
decken, Esq., one of the richest brokers

on Third Street. Did you not hear of

the wedding? Miss Kilmansegg's wasn't

a circumstance to it."

"Beauty and the Beast," grumbled I.

"Why, she is a mere child, he is."

"Make room, boys," interrupted a fa-

miliar voice, and our friend Captain Fred

Rivers dropped down among us.

"How are you, Silverstrings? How

are you, Rufus? Full house, this, for

war times, eh? The Germans make a

better fist at it than the Italians."

"When did you get up, Fred?" said I.

"Left Washington yesterday, after

some deserts. Didn't expect to stop

this long, but I touched at your rooms as

I was passing, and *Der Freischütz* tempt-
ed me. Is Johanna as fine—Hold on!"

and Fred snatched at Silverstring's opera?

glass, "Isn't that Constance Willing—

Jupiter Tonans?" but she is glorious;

and old Money is the foil. Well, well,"

said Fred, dropping the glass and strok-
ing his moustache dreamily, "what a

green world this is, after all." One, stiff

and cold in the squallid bed of a hospital:

the other, braving it out, bright-haired

and blooming, in diamonds and an opera-

cloak."

"Yes, the man," said I.

"I wish I did. You remember Harry

Singleton, boys."

Of course we did.

"He is dead," said Fred, looking gloom-

ily at the stage.

Melodius was annoyed. He was a

flippant butterfly, darting up and down

only the gay gardens of life. There

might be deserts, there might be sombre

spots, there might be destitution and

misery, and even death, somewhere, but

he didn't want to hear it. What was it

to him? What, indeed? He shivered and

fell off to the companionship of an opera-

cloak close by.

Fred was too preoccupied to notice his

departure.

"Yes, Harry Singleton is dead," he over-

repeated, smilingly glancing at the beautiful,

smiling face—"Constance Willing, Mrs. Gold-

decken, if she likes that better, is his

murderer in the sight of God!"

"Those are harsh words, Fred."

"Not harsher than she deserves, Heaven
knows!" he ejaculated, warmly.

"What do you know about her?"

"This much: that Singleton trusted

her and she deceived him; that he had

as noble a heart as ever beat in a man's

breast, and she tossed it aside when it

suitèd her, as if it had been a soiled

glove or a broken fan. It was she who

drove him into the army."

"I was surprised, I must confess, when

I heard of his commission.

"Everybody was surprised. Singleton

was an artist, a Bohemian, no more fitted

for military life than an angel is fit for a

scavenger. It was the death of him.

They called it brain fever. I call it a

broken heart. What more could she do?"

"Might you not have misunderstood?

"She is so fair, young, innocent-looking."

"Whited sepulchre!" was the contemptu-

ous return. "I have no patience or pity

for a mercenary woman."

"Hush! she is nodding this way; is it

to you?"

Fred looked up and returned it gravely.

"How eager Mrs. Goldecken looked,

and how her lovely face flushed under

his gaze!" Just then a number of gentle-

men strolled into the lobbies, the bald-

headed broker among the rest. Mrs.

Willing was engrossed with some elderly

ladies who had just entered the box, and

Constance sat alone in the front playing

nervously with the tassels of her cloak.

She glanced quickly at her, and then,

bending forward, made an almost imper-

ceptible gesture.

Fred stood up reluctantly.

"She wants me; I must go to her," he

muttered between his teeth; "and I'd rather

face batter."

"Have some pity on her," I whispered,

as he strode off.

If a few moments I saw him enter the

box! Mamma Willing saluted him cordially;

he was a handsome fellow, add of

unquestionable family. They offered

him a seat among the dowagers, but he

bowed, and crossed over to Constance. I

was surprised to see how calmly she

greeted him. The flush had subsided, the

leisure swaying of the fan was re-

sumed. She looked up at him as he bent

over her chair, brilliant, bright eyed and

self-collected, and seemed to talk com-

mon-places. With his feeling in the

matter, mentally contrasting, no doubt,

the dead with the living, this indifference

assumed or otherwise, could not but be

galling to him. He gave one glance at

me, his lips compressed, his eyes flash-

ing, then bending over her and whispering

apparently but a few words, he turned

abruptly on his heel and then dis-

peared.

The young bride sat still a moment.

Her head was thrown back, her face as

white as death, still listening, her glitter-

ing eyes wandering vacantly over the

crowded house; Then she got up, totter-

ing, took a step or two, groping blin-

dly before her with outstretched hands,

and fell.

There was a frightened stir among

the ladies in the box, and I could see</p

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY C. A. LOUNSBERRY.

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" " SIX MONTHS, 1.50
" " THREE MONTHS, .75

ADVERTISING RATES.

Local and foreign business notices, 10 cents per line. Nonpareil type, each insertion. Ten lines to the inch.
Professional cards, four lines or less, \$10 per annum.
Adv. Premiums in column of "Want," "For Sale," "For Rent," etc., 10 cents per line each insertion.
Legal notices at regular statute rates.
Original poetry \$1 per line.
For contracts of display advertising apply direct or send for advertising rate card.

BENIGITOUS SERVICES.

Prayer meeting, Rev. J. J. Miller, B. D. Service. At the pastor's residence, Blessed Sacrament on all Sundays and other holy days of obligation at 11 a. m.; St. Paul time. Sunday school and evening at 2 p. m.

Masses inter viventes—Service every Sunday at the City Hall; at 11 a. m. and 2 p. m.; Sunday school immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 p. m. at pastor's residence, on 2d street near Harrison.

Chapel services—Morning, 7:30 a. m.; high mass with sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school 2 p. m.; vespers, oblation and benediction, 5:30 p. m.; Masses, 6:30 p. m.; vespers, 7:30 p. m.

John Chayton Forpa, O. S. B., Rector.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M.—The regular communications of the Order Lodge No. 139, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.

John Davidson, W. M.

Joseph Hayes, Secy.

J. O. J. MacPhail, in charge of Mandan Lodge No. 14, in Bismarck's hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.

W. M. Baker, N. G.

W. V. Vankough, Secy.

BISMARCK TRAIL COMPANY.
Regular meetings at 7 p. m. on the first Monday of each month, in Seven taps of the trail hotel, no admission required.

John S. Foreman.

David Swanson, Secy.

CHIEF AND DEPARTMENT OF POSTS.

REGULAR POSTS. And a daily, Sundays excepted, at 7:30 p. m. Leave daily, except Saturday.

POSTS.—Leave for Forts Stevenson, Berthold and McLaughlin, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 a. m.

Leave for Forts Yates and Sully and all down the Missouri, except Saturday, at 9 a. m., and for the Sioux, daily, except Saturday.

Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City and all points Northern and Western Montana daily, except Saturday at 8 a. m. Arrive at Bismarck early on Sunday at 1 p. m.

Leave for Huron, leaves daily at 8 p. m.

Leave for Forts McPherson, Sully, and all down the Missouri, except Saturday, at 9 a. m., and for the Sioux, daily, except Saturday.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1880.

ONE OF THE TRIBUNE'S most valued exchanges is the "Church and Home," published monthly by Col. J. M. Bell, of this city. The paper is devoted to the interests of the M. E. Church.

This river and harbor appropriation bill has the miserably sum of \$35,000 for the improvement of the Missouri river above the mouth of the Yellowstone. The appropriation should have been at least \$200,000. The Missouri river, the greatest natural highway in the country, does not get as much money for improvements as my rivets in the country of one-tenth the importance.

The Tribune acknowledges valuable assistance on the part of Dr. Law in gathering material for the illustrated edition and only regrets that much of the matter prepared was crowded out in order to give its own weekly paper representation, and by the demands of advertisers. It also acknowledges contributions from the several newspapermen of the Hills, and valuable assistance from Mr. J. H. Hanson, of St. Paul, John A. Rea, of Fargo, and others.

The Brainerd *Telegraph*, in speaking of the Windom boom, says: "The Winona boom has grown to such magnificent dimensions and is spreading so rapidly from Maine to California, and from Washington to the utmost corners of the Union, that the *Telegraph* is no longer able to compass it, or its capacity sufficient to report it. The New York *Tribune*, Washington Post, Springfield *Republican*, Bismarck Tribune, Pioneer Press, and in fact all the principal political leaders of the nation swell the mighty thunder, and the noble senator will ride into the white house upon the most sweeping wave of popular preference this nation has ever experienced. Huzzah for President Windom!"

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL MEIGGS says that during the past ten years the government has saved \$3,000,000 in the transportation of stores by the use of the Northern Pacific. Taking this estimate as a basis the annual saving that will result to the government upon the completion of the road through Montana alone will in a few years amount to the value of the land donated the railroad at the government price of \$250 per acre. The saving accruing from the transportation by rail from Bismarck west through the Yellowstone country of supplies for the numerous posts in Montana and the Dakota frontier will more than triple the sum above mentioned in the ensuing ten years. As a matter of public economy it would be worthy the consideration of the "Bulls and Bears" that compose the house committee on railroads, could their attention be diverted from Wall street long enough to consider a matter of such public moment.

GEN. SCHOFIELD has been relieved from the command of West Point together with all officers on duty at that point except those sent there this spring. This clears the academy of the entire outfit that had the Whittaker trial in charge or were in any way connected with it, and is an ex-

pression of the president's and the secretary of war's feelings upon the manner in which Whittaker was treated on the trial. Mr. Townsend, the attorney sent by the government to defend Whittaker, left in disgust, finding a further continuance of his services unnecessary and useless before the military court. It will be an impossibility during the present century to give a colored cadet a social standing or footing common with that of the white cadets. The continuation of appointments of colored youths is looked upon as an infliction that will result in repetitions of the Whittaker business. Justice could hardly be expected from a court composed of men, all of whom are directly opposed to the system of social amalgamation and will never be reconciled to it. As a matter of principal the appointment of colored cadets is just, but to upturn the social ideas, as old as the country, requires many years to effect the change. It must be gradual, it cannot be legislated upon.

FARGO AND BISMARCK.

Of late there has been published in the *Fargo Daily Argus* a series of articles, maliciously penned to injure this section of the country and convey a wrong impression of Bismarck and her enterprising business men. This style of journalism is indeed a disgrace to any paper claiming to have the interests of the territory at large at heart. These puny efforts to belittle a community 200 miles distant simply because it does not take kindly to Fargo's kite and perform the import functions of tail thereto, is unjuristic to say the least. The agility with which the *Argus* disreputably blackmailed several of Fargo's prominent business men, simply because they did not patronize "the new scheme," is only exceeded by the skillful manipulation of the whitewash brush, after discovering that the former would not work. The reasons of the *Argus'* enmity to Bismarck are plain.

The principal reason for this vituperative overflow on the part of the *Argus*, however, arises from the fact that Fargo's boom is nearly ended. While THE TRIBUNE still adheres to its belief that while Grant can be nominated he has too much regard for the fair fame of his country to be responsible for the defeat of the republican party in the coming campaign. He will, THE TRIBUNE firmly believes, withdraw when Wm. Windom, who is daily gaining in public favor, will be nominated with almost one voice. It will be glory enough for Grant and his friends to name the successor of Mr. Hayes—to win the battle and unite the party by generously declining to accept the fruits of their victory.

At the convention for the nomination of delegates to Congress two years ago, the Black Hills delegates wished to combine with North Dakota, and had they done so they could have named the man. North Dakota was not united, and so got scooped. So in the last convention, they were again beaten because they were not united; and so it will ever be. In both instances, however, the best interests of the territory were probably regarded. Of this the Red River delegates will probably be satisfied. They are only the tail, and in the language of Mark Twain, should learn to serenely hang until the dog concludes to allow them to wag.

ARMY INTELLIGENCE.

The German military project contemplates an army of 2,000,000 men.

Gen. Whistler arrived and took command at Keokuk Tuesday 25th inst.

Lieut. J. E. Meeklin, 11th Infantry, registered at the Sheridan Monday.

Lieut. Robt. Stevens, 6th Infantry, returned Monday night from leave of absence.

The Academy of Music at Keokuk has been finished and upholstered under the supervision of Lieut. Long.

Lieut. E. L. Randall, of the 5th Infantry, has given charge of the commissary department at Fort Keokuk.

Rear Admiral Stembel and wife, of the navy, are in St. Paul where they will remain during the summer months.

"Rex," the TRIBUNE's correspondent at Fort Buford, sends some interesting army news in his letter in another column.

Companies D. F. II. and K., First Infantry, have left Fort Meade for Yankton, en route for their new station in Texas.

The promotion of 2nd Lieut. R. E. Thompson, 6th Infantry, to a first lieutenancy, was confirmed by the senate last week.

Miss Susie Palmer, daughter of Gen. Palmer, was married to Lieut. Swift, 5th Cavalry, at Washington, Monday, the 17th.

Gen. Zelien, retired, for many years commandant of the marine corps, was stricken with paralysis this week, in Washington.

Major Choisy, 11th Infantry, was in town Monday. The Major commands Company A 11th, that recently came to Lincoln from Fort Sully.

Major Brown, 18th Infantry, Fort Assiniboin, member of the Board of Examiners, reached Buford via Benton in the steamer Rosebud.

Lieut. Col. Glover Petin, Medical Director of this Department, went east Thursday morning. The Colonel has seen thirty-three years of active service.

The will of Gen. Heintzelman leaves all his property to his wife, having confidence that she will administer it as much for the benefit of their children as he would if he had survived.

Major Maynadier returned from the extension Monday, having paid Capt. Ecker's Company at the Cantonement Little Missouri, and left again Wednesday for Fort Stevenson.

Sergeants Glover and Trent, of the 5th Infantry, are the ambitious "non-coms" who are summoned before the examining board at Fort Keokuk for examination for promotion to lieutenants.

H. F. Douglas, Post Trader at Fort Yates has been appointed Sater of the command that goes up the extension of the N. P.

four pound potatoes, etc. For a fine illustration of the evil effect of allowing the public domain to pass into the hands of speculators, see northern Iowa. No richer or better country can be found. It is a land of lovely lakes, streams of pure water, in many instances quite well timbered; of the choicest prairie lands, where almost whole counties remain unsettled or were settled originally for the purpose of plundering the non-resident tax-payers. How well they did it any Iowa man can tell. Give us land grants for public improvements but if you want to see the west peopled by a happy and industrious people, save the remainder of the public lands for actual settlers. The law is good enough as it is.

At the convention in Fargo, the Black Hills and Missouri River delegates undertook to combine with the Red River Valley—electing the Black Hills and North Dakota candidate. The Red River people declined to join in any combination with them, therefore Bismarck and Black Hills delegates united with the Sioux Valley and Yankton, giving Porter Warner of the Black Hills 109 votes to 22 for Frank Veits, of Grand Forks. Mr. Lounsberry presented the name of C. T. McCoy, of Bonhomme, for the second delegate, and moved his unanimous election, which motion prevailed. Alexander Hughes and Frank Veits were elected alternates. On a motion to instruct the delegates to present the name of a citizen of Dakota for member of the National Central Committee, Capt. James W. Raymond, of Bismarck, received fifty-seven votes, and ex-Governor Newton Edwards, of Yankton, sixty-four. The convention adjourned, peace and harmony prevailing, excepting that the Red River delegates went home swearing vengeance on Bismarck and the Black Hills for combining with Southern Dakota.

The result in Illinois, as shown in THE TRIBUNE dispatches to day, proves how difficult it will be for republicans to unite on either Grant or Blaine. The nomination of either means disorganization and defeat. And THE TRIBUNE still adheres to its belief that while Grant can be nominated he has too much regard for the fair fame of his country to be responsible for the defeat of the republican party in the coming campaign. He will, THE TRIBUNE firmly believes, withdraw when Wm. Windom, who is daily gaining in public favor, will be nominated with almost one voice. It will be glory enough for Grant and his friends to name the successor of Mr. Hayes—to win the battle and unite the party by generously declining to accept the fruits of their victory.

The transfer of the first and 25th Infantry, directed in G. O. 25, C. S., from the headquarters of the army, will be commenced as soon as the necessary preparations can be conveniently made. The 1st regiment will, under the direction of the commanding general department of Dakota, be transferred to St. Antonio, Texas, supplied with equipage, and prepared to camp at that place, until distributed to posts, by the commanding general department Texas. The 25th regiment will, under the direction of the commanding general department Texas, be transferred to Yankton. The 25th, regt., to the 1st regiment with the direction of the commanding general department of Dakota, the 25th will, under the direction of the commanding general department of Dakota, be transferred to Yankton, and the commanding general department of Dakota will provide transportation for the 1st regiment to St. Antonio, and the commanding general department Texas, for the 25th regiment to Yankton.

At the convention for the nomination of delegates to Congress two years ago, the Black Hills delegates wished to combine with North Dakota, and had they done so they could have named the man.

North Dakota was not united, and so got scooped. So in the last convention, they were again beaten because they were not united; and so it will ever be. In both instances, however, the best interests of the territory were probably regarded. Of this the Red River delegates will probably be satisfied. They are only the tail, and in the language of Mark Twain, should learn to serenely hang until the dog concludes to allow them to wag.

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THE BUILDING BOOM

NEARLY \$100,000 IN IMPROVEMENTS NOW IN SIGHT.

The Foundation of the New Court House Nearly Finished---M. P. Shattier will Lead the Van with a \$10,000 Brick.

THE COURT HOUSE.

The foundation of the Court House is about complete, and brick laying will commence at once. The Masons and Odd Fellows will lay the corner stone with appropriate ceremonies, on the northeast corner, some day next week. R. B. Mason, who has the contract for the brick work, is turning out 9,000 brick per day, and expects a machine that will increase this amount to 14,000. No one need want for brick this year as the supply will be sufficient to answer all present necessities. Had citizens been able to secure brick at home earlier this spring many of the wooden buildings now in course of erection would have been built of brick. The Methodist Church is laid, and this building will be pushed rapidly. Col. Bill, who has charge of it, is working energetically, and already funds to the amount of \$3,000 are in sight. The church and Court House, so opposite, are on the highest ground in the city, and the buildings will show up all over the surrounding country when complete. No more eligible sites could have been selected.

RAYMOND'S CLOCK.

J. W. Raymond is putting up a two-story clock on the lot adjoining his, on Main St. Several parties have endeavored to secure these premises, but as yet Mr. Raymond is undecided as to what purpose it will be devoted.

Building in any direction one will observe the activity in the building line, far by far than all other years combined in the history of the city. Lumber and timber fast growth to supply the demand. Messrs C. S. Weaver & Co. having had a book full of orders ahead for the past two months. Fresh impetus to trade, given by the completion of the new stock on Main street, extending from Fourth street to the Western House. The buildings are large and roomy, raised about a foot higher than the old ones, and are most attractively ornamented fronts, and inside improvement on the largest scale before. The offices in Raymond's block are being fitted up in fine shape for occupancy. John Barr, agent for the Bennington, Peck and Yellowstone lines, will occupy one of them.

THE NEW LAND OFFICE.

The Federal Revenue office will be ready for occupancy in about ten days, in course of construction in the Hellebrandt lot, corner of Main and Third streets. This building will give the government officers plenty of room, and a degree of constantly increasing business requiring a larger building than those occupied at present. Dr. G. A. Stogdell has occupied two of the neat little buildings just erected on his lot, corner of Main and 1/2 St. The buildings are occupied by Mr. Stogdell as a law office and by my Migraine Glass.

THE SHATTIER BY BLOCK.

Mrs. P. Shattier has put the first front, corner Main and Main's street, and will erect a two story brick building thereon, the lower stories to be used for stores, and a large room in the upper story. This corner is destined to become one of the most important points in the city, and the addition of this block will enhance the value of Second street 25 per cent. Mrs. Shattier has unshaken faith in the future of the city, and is not afraid to show it by her public improvements.

There are but few of the many improvements going on in the city, and is the beginning of the city of the Mississipp Valley.

TRIP TO THE BAD LANDS.

Carmichael's Experience in the Burning Coal Fields of Dakota.

The following letter is contributed by Mr. J. M. Carmichael of this city, after a two month's camp on the Little Missouri.

Our trip out was not characterized by anything remarkable except the freedom with which people take things, regardless of ownership, along the route. Our clothes were not taken, for the simple reason that we had gone for them at night as well as in the daytime, but our horses and harness were "rashed" away, where rats and mice will not trouble them, or if they do, we will know nothing of it. We started from Mandan on the morning of March 20th, arriving at the end of the track in the afternoon. We remained there until next morning, then procured a pony team for our journey westward. Our driver, from the start, seemed to labor under the impression that in order to make the thing a certainty it was necessary to take it easy, so whenever we got tired we rested ourselves by walking a mile or two ahead and waiting for the chariot to drive up. At 6:30 P. M. we reached Young Man's Butte, a distance of twenty-nine miles. Having satisfied ourselves with a good supper, we were shown a corner in the shack--on the (ground) floor--where we spread our blankets, and after listening to the different expressions of some eight or ten fellow-travelers, in the same bed, we dropped off into sweet repose. The next night caught us at Green River, where we found a comfortable "Dugout" and a good soft floor. Up to this point we had followed the N. P. R. R. grade. It is completed, with the exception of a few miles of heavy work along this stream, which is something similar to Apple Creek and about the same size. Getting an early start, next morning, we arrived at Eckford and Plummer's ranch on Heart River in the afternoon. Here we met with difficulty in crossing the stream, but finally, with the aid of a very small craft, we crossed, but our transportation was necessarily left on the east side to await the falling of the water. We found no grader at work until we came to Lord, Fogarty & Co.'s camp, just in the edge of the Bad Lands, although much of the grading is completed between Green River and this camp. Here we were most cordially entertained by two members of the firm, whom we found pleasantly located in frame buildings, and seemingly very happy. Having arranged for a fresh team, on the morning of our sixth day out we bid adieu and started for the Little Missouri. The morning was elegant, and it was here that the idea first struck me that one has to learn by degrees to like this mode of

travel, for really I could see nothing about the previous five days jolt that any one would be likely to go into ecstasy over, but upon gaining the summit above the camp, the most beautiful picture I have ever looked upon spread itself out before us. The Giant's Causeway in Ireland fades into insignificance beside it. One's first impression is that of looking upon an immense city with spires and domes rising hundreds of feet toward the skies, and the smoke from the burning hills curling up similar to that from rolling mills and iron foundries. The scenery all around us was handsome in the extreme. For stereoscopic views, &c., this country is the artist's paradise. Passing the camp of D. C. Walker, also the company store, early in the morning, we saw hundreds of men at work, much of the grading having been already completed. All along the road from this latter camp is to be seen perched stumps and parts of trees dotting the hillside, as though cut by the axe. There are hundreds and thousands of them, some measuring six feet in diameter.

Arriving at the Little Missouri about two P. M., we crossed to the Post, gloriously happy to know the trip was ended, or, as Charley would say, had reached our "destination." Having rested, on the third day here I participated in a hunt with Dr. C. C. Miller, Post Surgeon, our guides being two Indian scouts--"Buff in the Water" and "Four Thorps"--all mounted on ponies. We were scarcely out of camp when we came upon a herd of mountain sheep, and after pouring a volley into them without particular disaster to the sheep, we started in hot pursuit--for me extremely hot. The herd took to the hills, and so did we. It was an entire new role for me to play in, and I can assure you that it was horribly against my inclination and no fault of mine that I followed, and seemed to fly up and down the immense hills and over and through ravines that I should not have dreamed of attempting could I have had my say; but my pony entered into the thing with energy and would not be left. The Doctor at length made a capture, and we gave the remainder a few days' lease of life. It appears to me that if those quadrupeds live until I make another such run, the next generation will have a clatter at them. Leaving the sheep, we rode over to a burning mountain. On the north side of this mountain are two cracks eight to ten feet wide and several hundred feet in length. Down in the crevices fifty or sixty feet is a solid bed of red coals. At the time it seemed to emit no smoke or flame whatever. There are many of these burning mountains about here now, and from the appearance of the hills it is my impression that nearly all of them have been burned in like manner. The earth and stone being taken out by the graders has the appearance of broken brick, and in many instances is cut and substituted for brick. Coal or lignite, crops out in some places, and is used to some extent. Red cedar and cottonwood is found in nearly all the ravines. Large game is abundant. During our hunt, deer or mountain sheep could be seen from almost every hill, and in one place we came upon fifteen deer grazing together.

SPEARFISH COLLEGE.

Extensive Educational Interests in the Black Hills.

The best evidence it is possible to produce of the belief of the people of that region in the permanence of the Black Hills, is the establishment of the Spearfish college, now under course of construction. The first building will be built and ready for occupancy, and the institution open to receive pupils by the first of September next. Spearfish town is located in Spearfish valley, on the east bank of Spearfish river, a half-mile below where it leaves the hills, rushing and bounding along over the rocky bottom as if glad to escape from its mountain home. The college grounds occupy an eminence overlooking one of the most charming valleys in the world, while to the right, a mile away, is "Lookout Mountain," standing up like a sentinel five hundred feet; on the south and southwest are the Black Hills, covered with their forests of pine. This is put an impeded picture of the location selected for the first college in the Black Hills. Surpassingly rich land is in all the elements of permanent wealth. With a vast area of grazing lands unsurpassed, with agricultural lands, yielding crops almost unheard of, both in perfection and average, with water power to turn half the spindles of the nation, with a superabundance of timber, both hard and soft, and climate that few can find fault with. All these, outside of the wonderful mines of gold and silver, iron, copper and lead, not to speak of salt and petroleum.

Is it any wonder that the people have abundant faith in the county, and that they are there to stay, and that they desire to build up an institution of learning that shall in the future be the pride of that people?

It will be under the supervision of the Congregational church, but in no way sectarian. Forty acres of land was donated and set apart by Spearfish people for college purposes, and they have twenty thousand feet of lumber paid for and mostly on the ground for the work.

Vacant Places.

In the dental ranks will never occur if you are particular with your teeth, and cleanse them every day with that famous tooth-wash, SOZO DONT. From youth to old age it will keep the teeth white and strong. The persons who use SOZO DONT have pearl-like whiteness, and the gums a rosaceous hue, while the breath is purified and rendered sweet and fragrant. It is composed of rare anti-spicy herbs and is entirely free from the objectionable and injurious ingredients of Tooth Pastes, &c.

BISMARCK and Ft. Buford STAGE AND EXPRESS

A. D. U. S. MAIL.

Leave Bismarck for Ft. Buford and intervening points Saturday, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m., making the full trip in five days. Stages will leave Ft. Buford on same days as from Bismarck, at 6 a. m.

For express, freight or passage apply to

GEO. OBERNE, AGENT, at J. W. RAYMOND & CO., or to

LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Ft. Buford.

A copy of THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE, (specimen copy free), containing information in relation to the mineral and agricultural lands of Dakota, the Black Hills, mining interests, and the grazing lands of the Yellowstone seat, on receipt of three 3-cent stamps. This issue will be published about April 20th.

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THE ALHAMBRA.

When Irving dwelt among those halls,
Near fifty years ago.
Among those ivy-circled walls
And myrtle all abow,
Pacing in sweet reverie at night,
To watch the moonbeams in their light
From every casement.
Were times of sweet enchantment to his soul.
In those days of dreamy slumbers,
His inspirations on his parchment roll
Were written unto me with poetic numbers.
He wrote of nature's rare, rare ways,
O'er which the clouds, heaven wrought
Jewels on, sparkling, rare—
With sweet, inspired thought.
That place has little changed since then;
Its moonlight beauty yet is seen—
The soft a mellow richness of each stem—
As if 'twere entwined with some dream.
So here we stand, and ponder on the old
And former times of this retreat,
Beneath the liquid, tinted gold
That with other scenes compete.
We pass along the colonnade
And harken to the lover's seamade,
Flute and organ, sweet and grand,
And leaning o'er the parapet,
That flowery-cushioned crown,
The scene is soul-exalting, yet—
Where high, gray mountainsrown
Against the spanned sky—
Loosing and closing so lone—
It seems as if with ecstasy my
Spirit it had flown.
And o'er the silvered basin of Lindaraxa skin
The sweet exhalation liquid that fell.
And drip like crystal pellets from its brim
And mingle with freedom through each garden
hall.
There were many scenes, so soft, sublime
And manifold in each hue—
That showed there is a power divine;
His hidden hand within each view;
That, dropping checkered silver on yon vermillion
tower,
Shaded the arches in the gloom,
Setting with a mellow richness on each bower,
Caught from varied halos of the moon.
We sit, we gaze upon Grenada's peaceful sleep,
Upon its peaceful slumber of to-night.
From the exquisite ruins of a Moorish palace,
The sober, saddened walls of convents in the
soil.
Still they carry dead beneath Alhambra's walls—
Along its shaded arches, its colonnades, and fill
With saddened footstep the melancholy halls—
To bury in Grenada's ground, in Alhambra's hill.
Peter Ximenes still survives.
There does a kindling glow he spends each day
In bringing up the past, and thus revives
With patriotic strains, "The Tales of the Alham-
bra."

GOURLAY BROTHERS.

In a quiet street off one of the quiet squares in the vicinity of Holloway, there is a tall gloomy house, with narrow dusty windows and a massive double door, that still bears a brass plate with the words "Gourlay Brothers" engraved thereon.

The lower part of the house was used as an office, but the blinds were rarely drawn up, the door seldom swung back to the energetic push of customers, the long passage echoed no hurried footstep, and Eli Haggart, the clerk, was to all appearance the idlest man in London, till one came to know his masters.

The Gourlay Brothers were never any busier than their faithful old servant—never hurried, never flurried or worried; never late and never early. Every morning at ten o'clock they entered their office together, read their letters, glanced at the Times, left instructions for possible callers, and then went to the city. They always took the same route; at eleven, they might be seen passing along the sunny side of Cannon Street, at half-past one they entered the same restaurant, and sat at the same table for luncheon. Wet or dry, shade or shine, sun or winter, every working-day for thirty years they had gone through the same routine, always excepting the month of September, when they took their usual holiday.

They were elderly men: John, tall, thin, melancholy-looking, with light gray eyes, scanty gray hair and whiskers, and a general expression of drabness pervading his whole face and faultless neat attire. Roger was shorter, rounder, more cheerful, and generally warmer in color.

His pervading hue was brown, keen reddish eyes that must have been merry once, crisp auburn hair that time had not quite yet transmuted to silver, a clean-shaven ruddy face, and brown hands full of dents and dimples. John was the elder, still he looked up to Roger with grave respect, consulted him on every subject, and never in or out of business, took any step w/out his advice or approval. And Roger was no less deferential; without any profession of affection, or display of feeling, the Gourlay Brothers dwelt together in the closet friendship and love; their life was a long harmony, and during all the years of their partnership no shadow had fallen between them, and their public life was as harmonious as their private intercourse. In business they were successful; every speculation they made prospered; every thing they touched turned to gold; and as their whole lives were spent in getting, not spending, they were believed, and with reason, to be immensely wealthy.

"Cold, hard, stern, enterprising," men called them with an acuteness of vision and a steadiness of purpose only to be acquired by long and close application to business. Reserved in manner, simple in their tastes, economical in their habits, the Gourlay Brothers were the last men in the world to be suspected of sentiment, their lives the least likely to contain even the germs of a romance. And yet they were not always mere business machines: the sole end and aim of their existence had not always been money. In early years they had had brighter dreams, nobler ambitions.

A schoolboy John had distinguished himself, and his brief University career gave promise of a brilliant future. Roger had been a bright, ardent boy, with a taste for music that was almost a passion, and a talent little short of genius. With his deep earnestness, intense steadiness of purpose and clear, vigorous intellect, John could scarcely have failed to make a distinguished lawyer. Roger was a born artist, with a restless, lofty ambition. Life seemed very bright for the brothers; there was nothing to prevent, and every thing to assist each in following his inclination. But in the very dawn of their career their father died, and they were suddenly reduced from affluence to actual poverty. Nothing remained from the wreck of a magnificent fortune but the bitter experience that always accompanies such reverses. Fine friends failed them, flatterers looked coldly in their distress, those who had most frequently partaken of their lavish hospitality passed by on the other side. Not a friend remained in their adversity but one, and she had indeed the will but not the power to help them. The boys left college, and turned their thoughts to business. It was hopeless to attempt to follow up their professions, with an invalid mother and idolized only sister depending on them for support. John secured a situation as clerk in a city warehouse. Roger accepted a desk in the office of Bernard Russell, an old friend of his father's. They moved to cheap lodgings and for several years plodded on

wearily, the only gleam of sunshine in their altered home being the occasional visits of Alice Russell to their sister. Maude Gourlay, and Alice had been schoolfellow and friends; they usually spent their vacations together, and Alice felt the misfortune that had fallen on the family as it had overtaken her own. But she could do nothing only pay them flying visits, send trifling gifts of fruit and flowers, and write pretty, sympathetic notes to Maude.

A few years of hardship and poverty told on Mrs. Gourlay's always feeble frame, still for her daughter's sake she clung to life with a strange tenacity; but when Maude's lover, who had gone to Australia to make his fortune, returned, not wealthy, but sufficiently so to claim his bride in her altered circumstances, Mrs. Gourlay seemed to have no other object to live for. Maude's marriage was hastened, and the very day after the ceremony the poor, weary, heart-broken mother died. George Leslie took his wife back with him to Sydney, and John and Roger were literally alone in the world.

As if in bitter mockery of their loss and loneliness, immediately after their mother's death the brothers inherited a small fortune. But it was too late for John to go back to his studies, too late for Roger to return to the piano; they had fallen into the groove of business, and John, at least, was seized with a feverish eagerness to turn his small fortune into a large one and become wealthy. So they went into business on their own account as Gourlay Brothers, with the firm resolution of retrieving the position their father had lost, and a very few years saw them established in Whittier Street, and fairly on the high road to fortune. Then, one quiet summer evening, as they sat over their dessert, John opened his heart to his brother, and told him of all his hopes, dreams, and ambitions for the future.

"Poor Roger!" Alice said, softly.

"You care about him? you will make him happy, even at this late hour? Tell me Alice, that you love my brother!"

"Yes, Mr. Gourlay, I do. Why should I deny it? I have loved him always, though I did not know that he cared about me; and if the little life that is left me can make him happier, I will devote it to him gladly, proudly—poor Roger! You see I am too old for pretences, Mr. Gourlay, and I fear I am dying; therefore I tell you all."

"Dying, Alice? No, no! you will live many years yet, I hope, to make my brother happy—brave, loyal, great-hearted Roger. Let me send him to you now; and, Alice, for my old and long affection's sake, make him happy. He deserves it, and that is the only way I can ever help to repay the devotion of his life."

"I love him," Alice said, simply; I can not do any more."

In their lodgings John Gourlay found his brother pacing restlessly up and down.

"Roger, I've found out your secret and hers," he said, laying both hands on his shoulders; "loyal, faithful friend, go to her; she loves you, she is waiting for you."

"Poor Alice! how she must have suffered!"

"How we all have suffered! but it's nearly over now, Roger—the grief, pain, regret. It's all clear and bright. Roger, dear friend, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, John?" say rather, will you forgive me?"

"True to the last," John murmured, as he wrung his brother's hand. "Now, Roger, go to her, she is waiting for you. She loves you—loves you, Roger! Goodby, and may you both be happy?"

Late that evening, when Roger Gourlay returned home, full of deep, quiet gladness, he found his brother sitting in an easy-chair near the window, apparently asleep. The full moon shone down on his pale face; and showed a smile on his lips; his hands were clasped on an open book that rested on his knee. The attitude was life-like, but at the very first glance Roger felt that his brother was dead. The doctors said he had died of disease of the heart. Perhaps they were right. More people die of that malady than the world knows et.

ly at the passers-by. Suddenly he stared and advanced a step, as a lady in an invalid-chair was wheeled by. Chancing to look up, she met his glance with a smile of recognition.

"Mr. Gourlay it surely is, it must be you. I am so glad to see you!"

"And to meet you," John said, with a courteous bow. "I have not the pleasure of knowing—"

"My name—I am Alice Russell still," she said frankly.

At that moment Roger appeared. For an instant the blood forsook his ruddy face, while a hot crimson flush rose to Alice's pale cheek as she tried to stammer out some words of greeting. Roger was no less confused, and the expression of both faces was a revelation to John Gourlay. He felt as if the world had suddenly drifted away from him, and he was left solitary in some unknown space. But there was nothing of that in his voice as he asked Alice for her address, and permission to call upon her in the afternoon; then taking his brother by the arm he led him away, and they continued their walk without exchanging a single word about the strange encounter.

In the afternoon John called at Miss Russell's hotel, and in a few moments he found himself seated beside her in a pleasant sitting-room overlooking the sea.

"Alice," he said, plunging into the subject at once, "do you remember a conversation you had with my brother a long time ago?"

"Yes, I remember, Mr. Gourlay," she replied, sadly.

"He made a request for me then which it was not in your power to grant; I am come to make a similar one for him now. Roger loves you, Alice. He has loved you all these long, weary years, though you will at least believe I did not know it then."

"Poor Roger!" Alice said, softly.

"You care about him? you will make him happy, even at this late hour? Tell me Alice, that you love my brother!"

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THIRTEEN RECRUITS

of whom Hochstein was one, were sent to help swell the ranks of the Eleventh Infantry, four companies of which regiment form the garrison at Fort Sully, Dakota Territory. The life of a soldier became intolerably dull and irksome to Hochstein. He was also very homesick. Desertion was almost impossible, and a discharge in his case was hopeless. All sorts of plans to get released from service, he says, were discussed by the men. Insanity was the only dodge possible, and that hazardous, even dangerous.

"For more than a month," said Hochstein, "I was considering day and night how to fool them into believing me really insane. The trouble I feared was the soldiers. They really knew I was sane enough, and if I tried to play off any of my tricks they might give me away."

BUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT,

Priate Hochstein, gun in hand, invaded the officers' quarters and endeavored to put them all under arrest. For this first display of insanity, Hochstein was kept in the guard house for a month, the post surgeon deeming the prisoner not insane, but vicious. At the end of his confinement, Hochstein was put back on duty, and warned not to try insanity again unless he was anxious for something worse than the guard house.

"But I knew I was sane," said Hochstein; "the only trouble was to make them believe it. Of course, I was not sane after only one trial. I tried it again."

This time Hochstein climbed up on the roof of a building and astonished the officer of the day by suddenly crowing loudly. This feat soon brought the whole garrison out to see what was the matter. The officer ordered Hochstein to come down, but he refused. He was the cock that must crow three times to warn St. Peter that he was telling a lie, he said. This was only his first crow, and it would take two hours to finish, and make Peter a liar. The officer ordered some men to bring him down, but before they could do so, he crowed twice more, and announced his mission of cock-crowing ended. St. Peter could tell as many stories as he pleased, but after this Colonel Wood or some one in command, would have to do the crowing whenever Peter didn't tell the truth.

Suicide in France.

The most recently published figures show that suicide is on the increase in France. Before the Franco-German war the average number of suicides only slightly exceeded 5,000 a year, and now they exceed 6,000. In Paris there are three times as many suicides committed as in the country. Most of the men who commit suicide are bachelors.

The spring is the time of year when suicide is most frequent, and death by hanging is more usually resorted to than any other mode of self-destruction, being considered more expeditious.

THIS CAPER COST

Hochstein another month in the guardhouse. He played his part as well as he could, hoping the Post Surgeon would finally pronounce him insane and order

THE LAST HOUR.

The long day dies with sunset down the west; Comes the young moon through violet fields of air;

A fragrant flier than the south winds bear for rest.

I wait. Birds nestward fly through deepening blue.

O heart! Take comfort, peace will find thee, too.

For lo! between the lights, when shadows wane,

Heart calls to heart across the widening breach.

Of bitter thought, chill touch and jarring speech.

And Love cries out to take his own again.

Give me the kiss of peace.

Hold not your anger after the spent sun.

Lo! I have wrought with sorrow all the day,

With tear-wet cypress, and with bitter bay.

Bound all my doors. No thread of song has run.

Beside my thought to lighten it for me.

Rise up and with forgiveness set me free.

For who may boast a gift of lengthened breath?

And, lest you watch to-morrow's sun arise.

Across my face, new touched with sudden death,

And the mute pathos of unanswered eyes!

Torn not aside my hand outstretched, nor smite

The yearning heart. Let Love's repentance found

Have Love's reward. All life is mixed with fate.

And oh, beloved! Death's angel will not wait

For summoned feet to haste on anxious round.

With quick "Forgive, forgive, we pass to-night!"

All day regret has walked and talked with me,

And, lest to-morrow it should go with me,

Give me the kiss of peace.

Julia C. Marsh

DANCED WITH A SKELETON.

The Horror That Started Ball-Room Revels—Feigning Insanity to Get Out of the Army—Crowing Like a Rooster and Arresting His Superior Officers at Midnight.

New York Mercury.]

In the spring of 1878 George Francis Hochstein, thirty-two years of age, a native of Brunswick, North Germany, landed at Castle Garden in company with two young friends from his native town. They were all well provided with funds. All three left Germany to avoid military service. All were sons of people in good circumstances. Hochstein alone remained in New York, the others going immediately to Chicago. Hochstein after bidding good-bye to his friends, took his baggage to a hotel in the Bowery. He was immediately an object of attention to some of his countrymen, who were always on the lookout for "greenhorns," the real object being to rope the unseasoned stranger into one of those dens.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

It is quite common, and some would say it is fashionabile, to cry out against circumstantial evidence; while the fact is—and a fact not to be disputed—that no evidence is more reliable.

Circumstances do not lie; they are trustworthy as far as they go, and the only thing required to render the evidence indisputable is, that no link in the chain shall be lacking.

To be sure there is liability to error, but

ALL SORTS.

BRIC-A-BRAC to be avoided—Family jars.

OLD Gammon, who has been married eight times, refers to his present wife as his better eighth.

"I NEVER waste any time listening to the bluebirds when the dinner-gong is winding its mellow hum."

MEN were created a little lower than the angels—and they have been getting a little lower ever since.

The rooster crows when the egg is incubated, because he knows the hen likes to have her lay set to music.

DOMESTIC bliss—Kissing the maid of all work. Domestic bluster—When a man's wife surprises him in the act.

The latest news book is entitled, "A Woman After All." This should be sufficient to put a bachelor on his guard.

A NEGRO, after gazing at some Chinese, shook his head and solemnly said: "If de white folks be so dark as dat out dar, I wonder what's de color of de black folks?"

For poison: Boil one-quarter ounce small chips of quassia in one pint of water, add four ounces molasses. Flesh drunks with avidity, and are soon destroyed.

SPAIN gives a minister plenipotentiary \$6,000 per year, while a favorite bull-fighter receives \$30,000; but then we'd rather plenipotentiary for that country for \$1 a day and board than fight bulls at any price.

A FARMER of Williamstown, Vt., empaled the brine from his beef and pork barrels at the roots of a maple tree during the autumn. This spring the tree was tapped for sap, and the first sugar made from it was so salty as to be worthless.

A LITTLE boy, whose sisters stroll in the woods for the bright-lined leaves of autumn, saw them coming home the other day with a red-faced gentleman, whom he greeted with the remark: "My! you got autumn-leaves whiskers, ain't you?"

APPEARANCES are deceiving. We know of girls that look as angelic, delicate and modest as a dewdrop on rosebud, who, when they get sweetly settled in the arms of Morphens, will snore with an energy that will shake the button on the outside cellar door.

SYLVESTER GRAHAM, an American reformer, among other works relating to diet in connection with physiology and anatomy, published, in 1832, a treatise on bread and bread making, in which he strongly advocated the making of bread from unbolted flour. Hence the terms "Graham flour" and "Graham bread."

CREAM-OF-TARTAR BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, and one of salt. Butter the size of an egg. Mix the cream-of-tartar with the flour, rub in the butter and salt, dissolve the soda in a teaspoonful of boiling water, and mix all together lightly.

We loosen a wet soil to facilitate evaporation, and roll or otherwise compress a dry soil to retain it. When hoeing to destroy weeds, be careful to lighten up your own footsteps or you will find the weeds quickly germinate there. The soil being compressed retains the moisture and facilitates germination.

JACLEY CAKES.—Six table-spoonfuls of white Indian meal, pinch of salt, half teaspoonful of milk; thoroughly scald with boiling water, add milk, and drop from table-spoon into boiling-hot lard or drippings in frying-pan or spider; fry a dark brown on both sides. When done, open and insert a bit of butter, and then eat.

A CLERK was discharged and asked the reason. "You are too awful slow about everything," said his employer. "You do me an injustice," responded the clerk. "There is one thing I am not slow about." "I should like to hear you name it," sneered the proprietor. "Well," said the clerk, slowly, "nobody can get tired as quick as I can."

A STRONG plant digests its food better than a weak one, and its appetite, so to speak, is more vigorous, precisely as is that of a strong, healthy young animal. It is with the plant as with the animal; early feeding, and vigor of growth, bring early and vigorous maturity. The farmer should study to get early a strong and healthy growth.

CELOPH SPRAY IN WINTER COUGH.

—Dr. Fletcher, of Washington, strongly recommends the employment of the spray of chloral in the treatment of the form of chronic bronchitis known as "winter cough," which often offers so obstinate a resistance to remedies. A solution of ten grains of chloral to the ounce of water may be inhaled through a steam atomizer morning and evening.

HARD SOAP.—One pound of concentrated lye dissolved in two quarts of soft water; pour into a large pitcher to cool. Melt five pounds grease of any kind, heat it milk-warm and pour in the lye slowly, stirring rapidly until it begins to thicken. Add one or one-half ounce oil of sassafras. Pour into a box one foot square and cover it, leaving it in a warm place for three or four days. Cut into squares and it is ready for use. Try it.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Butter a deep baking bowl; line it with thin slices of wheaten bread which have been soaked in sweet cream; fill the bowl to within one inch of the top with sliced apples in layers, with beef marrow, sugar, and grated lemon or orange peel; cover the apples with thin slices of bread soaked in cream; cover the bowl closely with an ordinary earthenware pie-dish, in which place water to prevent it cracking; bake in a rather-brisk oven from one hour to one and one-half hours, according to the size of the charlotte.

ONE fruitful source of colic in horses is cracked corn. If corn is to be fed, use whole corn; it is much more likely to be perfectly masticated than cracked corn, and its imperfect mastication causes the colic. It is also unwise to feed grain to a hungry horse, for then a large portion is very apt to be swallowed without being properly masticated. This can be seen in their voidings. Always let the edge of a horse's hunger be taken off with a feed of hay before feeding grain. Half an hour extra spent in feeding, when on the road, will bring you home half an hour earlier at night.

A FEW weeks ago some miners discovered in the mountains near Bonanza City, Idaho, the mammoth head and horns of a mountain ram firmly imbedded in a pine tree some eighteen inches in diameter. The tree had grown around the head, leaving the horns protruding. As the horns are some twenty feet from the ground, everybody is speculating as to how that ram got its head into the tree at such an elevation.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Four table-spoons of tapioca, soaked for several hours in a little water, one quart of milk, four eggs (leaving out the whites of two for frosting), three table-spoons of sugar. Boil the milk and turn over the tapioca; add, when it is blood warm, the sugar and eggs well beaten; bake about an hour, and after it has cooled a little add the whites of the eggs, well beaten with half a pound of sugar.

If you want your chicks to grow fast, feed them on oatmeal scalded with sweet or sour milk. Don't make the feed wet or sloppy, nor give more at once than will be eaten clean. Only prepare as much at once as will be all eaten before any fermentation takes place in it. Where oatmeal cannot be had, fine cornmeal or cracked wheat similarly treated and administered will answer a very good purpose.

The repulsed and therefore desperate lover of Mlle. Paula, a performer in a minor theater of Paris, swallowed poison while looking at her from a box, and died on the spot. The actress was known to have treated him badly, and when she next appeared on the stage she was greeted with groans and hisses, and a wreath of immortelles was thrown to her as a tribute to the dead lover. She fled from the indignant audience.

AUTUMN LEAVES.—I prepared autumn leaves in this way last year, and they were greatly admired by every one who saw them. I varnished them as soon as they were gathered, then spread them out in a cool room where they remained twenty-four hours, when they were packed in a box, and a thick piece of pasteboard placed on top to keep them from curling. They were much more brilliant than any I ever saw. They did not adhere enough to do any harm.

POTTED FRESH FISH.—Clean, wash and let remain over night in cold, salted water. For six pounds of fish allow three ounces of salt, two of ground pepper, two of allspice and one of cloves. Into an earthen jar put alternate layers of fish and spice with a dust of flour and a few bits of butter. Pour over equal parts of vinegar and water till the fish is well covered, tie a floured cloth over the top to prevent the steam escaping and bake five hours. Let remain until cold, then cut in slices.

The tune of "Yankee Doodle" was known as long ago as the reign of Charles I, and was sung to a nursery rhyme—"Lucy Locket lost her pocket." In the time of Cromwell it was sung to the following rhyme, in which the words, by which it is now known, first appear:

Yankee Doodle come to town,
Upon a frosty winter's morn,
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it macaroni.

It is supposed to have been written to satirize Cromwell. In colonial times it was played by British bands in this country, and, by means of doggerel verses, was turned into a medium of ridicule of the Americans.

At the paper mills of Crane Brothers, Converse, Mass., large quantities of bank note paper are made for the Government. The strictest attention as to quality is observed, a spot or speck no larger than a pin head being sufficient to condemn a sheet, and the employees arriving and departing are carefully watched. Armed guards patrol the premises and grounds day and night, and no approach to them is permitted. Twenty-four women were sent from the Treasury Department as counters and examiners, and are each able to count 3,000 sheets daily. The precaution is necessary to prevent duplication of sheets for dishonest purposes.

Catching a Hare with Hook and Line.

They had a grand coursing match at Merced, Cal., and, after two or three bays had gone by, the human participants of the sport were very much annoyed by the remarks of a lank, cadaverous specimen, who had been fishing in the lake near at hand, and who had left his angling to watch the work of the hounds. This party amused himself by making sarcastic and contemptuous remarks regarding what he considered the stupidity and folly of going to all that expense and trouble in killing a few hares.

"What on earth," he said to the referee, earnestly, "why on earth don't you kill the hares with a club instead of taking the chances on the dogs catching them, when you could save them all with half the trouble?"

"Oh, dry up and mind your own business."

"Yes; but I hate to see you wasting so much good meat. Now, how would it strike you to hitch the next hare to this trout-line before you let it start. It can't get away then, and, when the dogs fall behind, all you have to do is to bear on the reel and kindly slow it off. Now."

"Will nobody put this man off the grounds?" yelled an umpire.

"Put your Aunt Middy off," retorted the practical fisherman. "Fact is, your dogs ain't worth four bits apiece, any way. Bet \$40 I can catch a hare better than they by casting this line every time."

"Done!" says the Judge. "Put up," and to the surprise of everybody the intruder at once covered the money the Judge had handed to a bystander, and then began reciting on his line and getting his pole ready for a throw, while all hands crowded up to watch the result of the singular wager.

"Now, then!" shouted the scorer, as the hare was released, and the next moment the Judge's hat flew off and his wig dangled out in front of the crowd on the fisherman's hook. There was a terrible row after that, when the latter claimed the coin on the strength of the "hair" he had caught; and, if it hadn't been shortly discovered that the stakeholder had lit out with the purse, the meeting would have ended in a free fight all around.—*San Francisco Post*.

"WEATHER strips," mused Junior Ally as he looked at a sign. "Of course it does. Strips the leaves all off the trees in the fall, and—most all the clothes off of people in dog-days."

WHY is the vowel "o" the only one sounded? Because all the others are inadmissible.

THE road to matrimony is a bridal path.

BISMARCK AND STANDING ROCK Stage and Express LINE.

Leaves Bismarck daily except Sundays at 8 a.m. arriving at Standing Rock in fifteen hours! Leaves Standing Rock daily except Sunday at 4 a.m. arriving at Bismarck in fifteen hours. For freight or passage apply to GEO. PEOPLES & CO., Bismarck, & JNO. THOMSON & CO., Standing Rock, D. T.

CATARRH IS IT CURABLE?

THOSE who have suffered from the various and most serious complaints of the system, and have tried every remedy known to science, will find in the following a safe and effective remedy.

Those who have suffered from the various and most serious complaints of the system, and have tried every remedy known to science, will find in the following a safe and effective remedy.

IT CAN BE CURED.

IT

LOCAL LEAVES.

From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.

Dunz & Co., druggists, No. 92 Main street.

S. S. Small, Tower City, is breaking 25,000 acres and wants more help.

The North Pacific land department sold 29,544 acres of land in the month of April, and sold 1,636 emigrant tickets.

The newspaper men present at the Fargo editorial convention were kindly invited to front seats in the Coliseum Theatre of that city.

Capt. Hadley, of Fargo, was awarded the contract for furnishing fresh beef to Forts Totten and Lincoln.

The Northwestern stage company have closed a contract for 350,000 feet of lumber for the construction of ranches for their new Pierre route.

John A. Stoyell and W. F. Ball have dissolved partnership as attorneys at law. Ex-Attorney-general Wilson, of Minnesota, becomes Mr. Ball's partner.

The track on the N. P. R. R. was laid up to Wednesday last, three miles beyond Kilde River, with full supplies for continuing work at a mile and a quarter per day.

Wednesday the Northern Pacific Company accepted twenty-five miles of track from the contractors, Walker, Bel lows & Co., making seventy-five miles of track now used west of Mandan.

The summer sporting campaign was inaugurated Wednesday evening by a race between three of the "boss" trotters on the track east of the stage barns. John A. McLean's horse winning the chrono.

The Minn. Republic Tribune of the 16th says in an editorial court yesterday, at St. Paul, in suit of McLean & Macander vs. packers F. C. Moore, et al., and J. C. LeClerc, et al., was referred to Mr. Bond, to take his decision.

John J. O'Leary, who has just moved his stock of groceries in the new block next to the New West, Monday to buy a large amount of coal. If he goes to Chicago and St. Louis, he can always get a good trade and his coal will be taken over there.

One hundred car loads of ties that accumulated for the transfer boat came into town, and traps were sent out this week to catch an army of master Gilroy's, or about 100 rods of railroad iron. What has present force it can all be taken over this week.

W. C. Clegg, a lawyer and Treasurer of the Northwestern Stage and Transportation Company, broke his leg below the knee while riding between Deadwood and Crook City, his horse having slipped and fell on him. He was taken to Crook City for medical treatment.

D. L. Bailey's moved into his new store and is filling his shelves with a large stock of hardware just received. Anything in the line of hardware, tin and sheet metal ware can be found at his establishment. He is the agent for several agricultural implements.

A portion of Sam Whitney's troupe, six in number, went down to Standing Rock on the Butte Sunday to give a number of entertainments. They will return on the first boat. In the meantime, the Bismarck Opera House has been in full blast with six first class artists.

If the city council comes down with a sum that looks anything like an inducement, four sprinklers will be put on the streets very soon. A party has canvassed the business community and finds no trouble in obtaining subscribers. It is a want that should be provided for.

Stimpson, the enterprising news dealer, has a layout in his show window of fresh strawberries, by express from Chicago, every evening. The parlors added to this establishment have a side entrance, and the berries and cream will certainly suffer this summer, to say nothing of the cream made cold by ice.

Col. Sweet has put a hedge of buckberry bushes around his lots in the block east of the Court House. In fact, the hedge is planted like bushes, "snow-balls" and other flowers. The Col. is doing a rushing business as manager of the Dakota City Photo Co., having thousands of trees per week.

Louis Larson, the boot and shoe dealer, of 3d street, was married Sunday night last to Miss Helen Jacobson. The wedding was held in the Presbyterian church, Rev. W. C. Stevens officiating. A reception was had after the ceremony at the residence of O. S. Reed, on Second street, attended by many friends of the young couple.

There is one thing that the business men of this city should take into consideration. That is, that Bismarck is certain to become a great city, therefore, when they build, whether they should put up buildings that will be a credit to the city, and to the wider them foundations immensely superior to those in the rebuilt business district.

A car load of emigrants from Maine, with bachelors furniture and farming implements, arrived from the east Tuesday, and will distribute themselves among the quarter sections not located. Several parties from the east on their way to the Yellowstone country located on sections in Butte county this week, satisfied with going farther.

Sheriff McKenzie left for Yankton Monday morning having in custody G. B. Werning who was declared a lunatic by a commissioner appointed to examine him. The unfortunate man came up from St. Paul to work on the extensive, but got off his "kerbaise" and sought the lives of some of our citizens. He will be committed to the asylum for the insane.

DUNN & CO.

The firm of H. P. Dunn & Co. is dissolved this day by mutual consent. David Smith returning. The business will be continued by A. F. Douglass, who will pay all liabilities and collect all assets of the estate.

Tuesday, May 28, 1880

A Five Thing For the Teeth.

REGAL SOUPON is a composition of the purest and choicest elements of the Oriental vegetable diet. Every ingredient is well known to have a beneficial effect on the teeth and gums. It cures or relieves an eruptive propensity, and gives the complexion a healthy luster. It is entirely free from the impurities and certain properties of such pastes and powders which destroy the enamel. One bottle will last six months.

Choice Seed Barley just received at WHALEY'S, 31. MAIN STREET.

Stimpson has a ladies' entrance to his Ice Cream Parlor.

Fifty Thousand of Various Brands of Cigars being closed out at manufacturer's prices at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Groceries and Provisions.

Kupitz & Griffin have formed a copartnership and will occupy the corner of

Fourth and Main streets, formerly the Pacific saloon. Meats, vegetables, and provisions, in connection with a full line of groceries of every description, will stock the new store.

LETTER-LIST.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining uncalled for in Bismarck (D. T.) postoffice for week ending May 21, 1880:

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Anderson, J. C. Kennedy, Michael Kearns, M. H. Baley, C. Leo, Daniel Lofgren, Frederick Bennett, Geo. McCook, A. Marshall, E. A. Morris, Peter, Fred McReynolds, Lee Butt, Wm. H. Bartlett, Wm. 2

Comfort, Dan Peters, David L. Parks, James B. Potts, Philip Parrett, Wm Rooney, Edward Simmons, J. H. Sibley, Edwin Sibley, Henry Sherwin, J. Swift-tail, Oie Sweet, S. A. Syvera, T. Siminson Thompson, A. I. B. Taylor, Geo. Vogel, Henry White, Chas. Welsh, Edward Ward, E. J. Wetherby, E. J. Way, Michael 2

LADIES' LIST.

Cady, Mrs. E. L. G. Hollembaeck, Mrs. P. Marjorie, Kate Persons calling for any of the above letters will please "advertise."

A. LOUISIANA, P. M.

New Restaurant.

Mrs. Lou's will shortly open a restaurant and ice cream parlor in the building formerly occupied by Charles Kupitz on Main street.

Large and Complete Stock

Of Stationery at DUNN'S.

Paint, Varnish, and Brushes

at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Try the celebrated Town Pork and Bacon,

THURSTON & CO.'S.

Breaking Wanted.

Twenty-five thousand yards of breaking in the vicinity of Tower City wanted. Address, S. S. SMALL, 52d, Lower City, D. T.

Tette Boarders

Any number can be accommodated at R. L. MARSH'S, corner 14th and Main.

A Fine Assortment of Bird Cages

at D. L. BAILEY & CO.'S.

A Full Line

Paints, oils, and Brushes at DUNN'S.

Dan Eisenberg

Has just received an elegant assortment of Ladies' and Misses' Soaps.

Russia Leather

And Seal Skin Portemonnaies and pocketbooks at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Strawberry Plants

for sale cheap, at BRAGG'S.

Ice Cream by the Quantity

For family use STIMPSON'S.

Blank Books

at DUNN'S.

Lace Buntings.

Are the latest, and Dan Eisenberg has a full assortment of them, also a full line of Linen Lawns.

Window Glass, all sizes, at HOLLEMBAEK'S.**Plates**

If you want a first-class breaking plow at THURSTON & CO.'S.

First-class Table Board

\$5.00 per week, at R. R. MARSH'S, corner 14th and Main.

Misses' and Children's Shoes

At bottom prices at MARSHALL'S.

Fee Corn for Seed

at THURSTON & CO.'S.

Full Line

of Blank Books and Stationery, at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Our Art Prints

And improved patterns at D. L. BAILEY & CO.'S.

Soda Water, Strawberries

And Ice Cream STIMPSON'S Parlor.

Straw Goods

At Dan Eisenberg's, all the latest novelties in Ladies and Children's.

Fish Bros. Bicycles

at THURSTON & CO.'S.

Bird Cages

a fine assortment, at D. L. BAILEY & CO.'S.

White Lead, Linseed Oil

and Turpentine, at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Lamps of all Kinds

at D. L. BAILEY & CO.'S.

Cold Stimpson's

For Ice Cream and Strawberries.

Croquet Sets, at

HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Rubber Boots.

Of all sizes for men, at MARSHALL'S.

The Only Place.

If you looking for a place to get a tenderloin or porterhouse steak, remember Forster's restaurant.

Forster's, Forster's, Forster's.

is the place to go for your day board.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures indigestion, and all disorders of the stomach.

JEWELERS

E. L. Strauss & Bro.,

WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

SEWING MACHINES.

Also dealers in all kinds of

Day & Plants,**Watchmakers and Jewelers.**

Also dealers in all kinds of

SEWING MACHINES.

Also dealers in all kinds of